

## TV Show 146

### Chapter 146: The Sacrifice\*\*

Inside the Manor.

"You're planning to sacrifice me."

Caroline had finally understood everything. "Luke has already been sacrificed. The Luke standing here now is actually Ben Devo, which is why he knows nothing about real estate law and has to start learning from scratch. Meanwhile, the paralyzed Ben is the real Luke, who's been trying to escape all along, right?"

Over the past few weeks, while caring for him, Caroline had witnessed the paralyzed Ben trying to crawl out of his room in a desperate attempt to flee the manor. But the fat woman had caught him and dragged him back. That was when Caroline first became suspicious of her and started searching for the manor's true secret.

"You're smart. You finally figured it out—but it's too late."

The fat woman smirked. "Now, tell me—where is Ben?"

During her escape attempt earlier, Caroline had hidden Ben away before she had to make a run for it.

The fat woman yanked Caroline by the hair, but Caroline suddenly spotted some red brick powder on the floor. She recalled the legend that lines drawn with red brick powder could prevent evil spirits from crossing. Previously, when she had tested the fat woman with it, the woman had refused to enter the room. Pretending to surrender, Caroline said, "He's in the back garden."

The fat woman let go of her hair and ordered Luke, "Watch her. I'll find Ben—we can't let him escape."

"Got it," Luke responded.

As soon as the fat woman left, Caroline bolted. They had only tied her hands, leaving her feet free.

Now that she knew the fat woman intended to possess her body, she wasn't afraid Luke would shoot.

She dashed into the room where she had deliberately scattered red brick powder before.

Sure enough, Luke couldn't enter.

Caroline climbed out through the window but was quickly forced back inside.

What followed was a frantic chase.

The fat woman and Luke deliberately herded her through the manor, eventually cornering her in her own bedroom. There, she found more red brick powder and hurriedly sprinkled it in front of multiple doorways.

The powder formed protective barriers, successfully keeping the fat woman and Luke out.

However, there were too many rooms, and Caroline didn't have time to cover them all. In the end, she was chased up into the attic.

Inside, the attic was set up for a sinister ritual—candles flickered, mirrors lined the walls, and strange symbols covered the floor.

Caroline recalled a protective symbol she had learned about before. Acting quickly, she used her own blood to carve it into the center of the candles. Just as the fat woman sauntered up leisurely, confident in her victory, Caroline finished drawing the sigil.

"You can't touch me now! You can't even get near me! See this? This is your so-called protection spell!"

The fat woman chuckled. "Oh, you still don't get it, do you?"

She sneered. "Think about it—where did you get that so-called protection spell from? That's right, I gave it to you on purpose. Those symbols don't protect you; they only trap you inside the ritual!"

"Stay back!" Caroline shrieked, clutching a dagger in trembling hands.

The fat woman watched her like a predator playing with its prey. She laughed softly. "Caroline, we chose you. We've been waiting for you for a long time. From the moment you stepped into this manor, everything—every little thing—was designed to make you believe. Because only when you truly believe can this sacrifice work."

She was immensely proud of her performance. If she were in Hollywood, she could've won an Oscar for Best Actress.

Sure, she played the villain. But who cared?

Justice belonged to the victor.

As long as she succeeded, she would be the rightful heroine of this story.

Caroline's mind flashed back to the beginning—

The rocking chair in the empty hallway, swaying eerily. That had been the fat woman, waiting for her. She must have seen Caroline's car approaching and hurried inside to set the stage.

The way the fat woman examined her, judging her like she was inspecting merchandise, clearly dissatisfied with her accent, clothing, and tattoos.

During their first conversation, the fat woman had repeatedly pointed out that Caroline didn't understand the rules of this place—deliberately making her curious.

Then she had told vague, unsettling stories about the manor, warning Caroline not to wander around—yet conveniently gave her a master key, encouraging her to explore alone.

Later, the fat woman had purposefully let Caroline see her using the so-called "protection spell" to ward off ghosts.

Even the chase had been a farce—designed to push Caroline into the attic, where, in a panic, she would complete the ritual herself.

"I don't believe you!" Caroline shouted.

"Oh, but you do."

The fat woman's grin widened. "The moment you used your own blood to draw the 'protection spell,' you believed. It doesn't matter what you say—deep inside, you believe. And now, the ritual is active."

"You have no idea how difficult true belief is to achieve, do you?" she continued. "As generations pass, people have stopped believing in the supernatural. They reject the mystical forces that once existed.

That makes it harder and harder for us to survive. Even with all our efforts, it's rare to find a successful candidate.

Those four previous caretakers? They were all 'Black Pearls.' They didn't know the full truth, but they sensed the eerie presence here. The rumors alone were enough to scare them away.

But you, dear, sweet Caroline—you stayed.

Just like your sick father, you stayed to care for the patients. You did it out of guilt, didn't you?

Yes, we know everything about you.

You regret not being there to care for your father before he passed. That guilt has haunted you ever since.

Well, don't worry—we're giving you a chance to make up for it.

Although I don't particularly like that tattoo on your hip, Ben—oh, I mean Luke—adores this body of yours. So, I suppose I can tolerate it.

Just accept your fate. Surrender. Complete the sacrifice. You'll be doing Ben a huge favor.

We old folks will be eternally grateful. Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Get away from me! I don't believe you!"

Caroline screamed again, but her body began to sway.

"You feel it now, don't you? Don't be scared—it's the sacrificial potion taking effect."

The fat woman explained, "Ben drank it. You drank it. I drank it. Only a young body can resist the effects for a little while. But once we switch, you'll end up just like Ben—paralyzed, trapped in this old, dying body.

And don't worry, I won't leave you trapped forever. Out of gratitude, I'll send you on your way soon enough.

With your youthful body, I'll have plenty of time to find my next vessel.

Next time, I'll choose a Black Pearl—their bodies are so much more full of life."

As she spoke, she lifted a tall, full-length mirror and turned it toward Caroline.

"I don't believe it! I don't—I don't—!"

Caroline screamed as she caught a glimpse of something horrifying in the mirror.

Her eyes widened in terror. "Oh my God!"

"Too bad you don't actually believe in God," the fat woman sneered. "That means He won't be saving you."

With a chilling laugh, she shoved the mirror toward Caroline.

"Your body is mine now! Hahahaha!!!"

Luke stepped forward, standing silently at the doorway, watching it all unfold.